



The last
V V I L L
AND
T E S T A M E N T
O F
Sir John Presbyter.

Who dyed of a new *Disease*
called *The particular Charge of*
the A R M Y.

With divers Admonitions and
Legacies left to his deare Children of the
Presbyterian Commons that have deserted the
Houle & Likewise to Legions of perjur'd Priestes.
residing in London, Westminster,
or else where.

With his Life, Death, Buriall, and Epitaph.

*The second Edition; Corrected and amended, to prevent
false Copies.*

Printed in the yeare of Jubilee, 1647.

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The last Will, &c.

Know all men by these presents, that I



John Presbyter Knight, by Countrey a
Scorche-man, of the Tribe of Rabshakeh, of
the Linage of Indas; (being of perfect
memory, onely a little troubled with me-
lancholy, and a disease called, *The particu-
lar Charge of the Army*) doe ordaine
this my last Will and Testament to stand in full force and
virtue.

Imprimis, I give and bequeath my soule into the hands of
him that gave it; and whereas I have alwayes (in my life
time) been used, and taught all others to plunder and rob
both God and *Cesar* of their dues; yet at my death I detest
all such horrid Actions, Equivocations, and mentall Reser-
vations, and will not rob the Devil of his: Therefore in
plaine English, *Devill take thy due*.

For my body, I bequeath to the earth; provided first,
That it bee first decently wrapped in six sheets of the *Di-
rectory*, and then reverently coffined up in the sacred *Ordina-
nce for Tithes*, and so with all solemnity carried from the
Temple to Westminster by the *C L asses*, *Doctor Barges*,
Doctor Gouge, *Master Edwards*, and *Byfield* being clole
Mourners, and going before the Corpes, and the wicked
Elders following after, weeping, howling, and knashing of
their teeth, as if they were already in the fire, which
such stinkiug Trees were made for, upon one of which

*Judas my great Granfire hanged himself, You may read more of them in the History of Ss. Anna, with a slow motion, and in the midst of the streets, that my body may be shene by all, and let your sorrow so much abound, that you may take up that Lamentation of old, *Wisdom crying out in the streets, but none regardeth her* — my will is, That my learned Countriman, Doctor Cyballs teach at my Funerall in a deplorable tone of language (according to hys speciall gift) my will being that he preach upon that Text in the 89. Ptal. ver. 44. *The dayes of my youth hast thou shortened, and covered me with dishonour.**

Next I desire that Mr. *Calamy* and Mr. *Cafe* may be sent up to desire a conference with both Houses, to procure an Ordinance, that there may be a day of Humiliation appointed and set apart to deplore my sad losse, and that a Message be prepared, and sent with all speed into *Scotland*, to give them timely notice thereof, that they may humble themselves with you, and that whereas wee have continuall a Monthly Fast for the distressed *Protestants in Ireland*, and wee our selves having revoked the *Protestant Religion*, and instituted the *Presbyterian*, (and now finding our owne distresses to be above or equall with theirs) we conclude that our Prayers have not beeene available for them, and may now change the day, and fast and pray as long or longer for our selves. And likewise, that they may be pleased to put it to the Vote, whether my corps may not be interred neare his Excellency their late Lord Generall, and Mr. *John Pym*, and so hereafter all Parliament men deceasing, that wee our selves may as well now, as hereafter take up all the resting places of the Saints, and so leave no roome for either the King or his evill Connell or Popish Bishops, they having formerly engrossed that place only for themselves, that an Ordinance may be speedily drawne up to this effect.

Thirdly, I will and bequeath vnto Doctor *Burgers* to have the disposing of all fat Benefices whatsoever; provided.

ded that the said Dr. *Burges* hold and freely enjoy as many of the said Benefices as he himselfe pleaseth, and the rest to be by him disposed of to such persons as he shall thinke qualified and indued with gifts befitting so great a *Cause* as the present *Reformation* shall require: to which end, for the better incouragement of him the said Dr. therein, I do freely give and bequeath unto the said Dr. *Burges* all the scaffolds, and looie stones in or about, or belonging to the Church of *Pauls*, to pull downe, take, carry away, and dispose of as he shall thinke fitting.

Fourthly, I give and bequeath unto my Reverend Son Dr. *Gouge* the full sum of 500 l. for these religious uses following, viz. 20 pounds to fnd his Parish Bell-ropes, and in case his said Parish shall not have any use thereof, that he or any of the rest of the venerable *Assembly* shall have full power and authority to use them at their owne discre-
tions: That one hundred and 50 pounds shall be by the
said * Dr. *Gouge* disbursed in sea-coale whilst they are
cheap, and by him sellered up (as lately he did, most of his
Parish can justifie the same) and by him againe sould out to
the poore of his Parish, or any other poore Christians at 10 d.
the Bushell cleare gaines. And I ordaine that he employ the
remaining sum in like manner, or if he thinkes it fitting to
put it to use at 10. in the hundred, and not under, and the
gaines thereof arising to be distributed equally to Mr. *W. A.*
Priu, and Dr. *Bawwick*, that they may be the better encou-
raged to *Query* against the *Army*, to rail against *Indepen-
dents*, to rout out *Monarchy*, and to prove *Presbytery* *jure
Divino*; provided that the *principal* remaine intire to Dr.
Gouge himselfe, without any other fraud or deceit,

* Like to
like quoth
the Devil
to the Co-
lier.

Fifthly, I give and bequeath to my deare Child Mr. *Ed-
wards*, 500. Acres of Bishops Lands, with all the timber
growing thereon, to be by him converted to Gibbets to
hang up the *Independents*; and in case the said *Independents*
shall resist the holy Synod, as it is probable they will; That
then it shall be lawfull for any of the *Assembly* being al-
ready

ready furnished with hempe (if not enough in my former Legacy, the Common people of England questionlesse will supply their needs) to hang themselves, and to fulfill the old Proverbe , give them halter enough and theile hang themselves.

Sixthly, I give and bequeath all my plundered Books, and Libraries lately tane from the Bishops to Mr *Calamy*, Mr *Sedgwick*, and Mr. *Cafe*. it being likely the *Cafe* may suddenly be altered, and my sonne *Calamy* feele *Calamity*, for I feare destruction is nigh, and my son *Sedgwick* will shortly bleat (like one of *Ieroboams Calves*) to his Country-men in *Essex*, in one only single poore Benefice.

Seventhly, I give and bequeath all my *Charity* to the *Aldermen* of the City, and by them to be disposed of to the *Parliament*, as they shall have need thereof.

Eighthly, All my widdome and learning to the *Common Councell*, that they may preserve the City as I and my Children have preserved the *Church*, and brought it to the great light and glory that now you see it is.

Ninthly I give and bequeath to all broaken *Aldermen*, defunct *Committees*, and *accused Members* of the House of Commons, my new *Creed*; and by them to be disposed of to their Creditors, and all others as they shall see cause, that they may renew their faith, and againe become credible men, by which meanes the publicke faith may againe revive, and the City looke up: and whereas my Predecessor knowne by the name of *Doctors Commons* of famous memory did decease about sixe yeares since, having first made a will which was made publicke in print, and for as much as the said *Doctors Commons* is againe revived to my great and unspeakable terror, I doe hereby bequeath unto my said Predecessor all jurisdiction, priviledges, profits, and emoluments whatsoeuer so unjustly usurped and detained by me, and the rest of my precious Brats.

Tenthly, All my zeale for the Caufe I give and bequeath to the dissenting Souldiers that have deserted the Army, that they

they may stand up mightily in the gap, and stop the plaguy devouring Army of Sir Thomas Fairfax.

Eleventhly, I give and bequeath all my new invented *Oathes, and Covenants, all my Schismatycall Sermons, all my Perjuries, Forgeries, Plots, Treacheries, Rebellions, Equivocations, and mentall reservations,* to my deare children the *Scors,* provided that they shall make use of them in their owne Countrey, and not else where.

Twelfthly. I give and bequeath unto Dr. * Cyballs ^{10. l. of} ^{* A notorious turne-coat.} lawfu'money of England, in consideration of my Funerall Sermon, besides two *Cansicall Coats,* which he may turne, as he sees fitting; and I desire him to make his prayer shorter then the ordinary use hath been, for I my selfe must confesse the blasphemies, treasons, heresies, incongruities, tautologies, absurdities of my children in their measure of Prayer, from time to time (observed by the people) hath beene a great cause of my untimely disease: And alio I desire that his Sermon may be printed, and published, and that Wal-ey'd Bartlet at *Austins-gate*, and Bellamy at the Old Exchange have the Printing thereof; and that an Ordinance may bee desired, that none dare to reprint the same.

Lastly, I do intrust all that out of a conscientious duty to me (shall suddenly after my disease) I leave and abandon the House of Commons, (Provided they exceed not the number of threescore) to be my Executors, that they see this my last Will and Testament perfumed, without any fraud according to the true sense and meaning thereof, and the severall legacies to be paid to the persons aforesaid within five moneths after my death. And this my Will to remaine in full force, revoking all former Wills, Bonds, Bills, Gifts, whatsoever.

Witnessse my hand and Seale,

Adoniram Byfield, Scribe.
Sealed and delivered,

July, 1647.

John Presbyter.

Simon Snod.

Cornelius Burgess.

Postscript.

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R EJOYCE O heavens, sing aloud O earth, clap thy hands for joy, O England, godd nubula soles, thou shall now have a time of quietnes, of peace, of content, for Presbier John is dead, and will never vex thee more, nor imprison thy free Denizens, nor eat up thy fat things, nor devour thy good things, nor eat the bread out of thy childrens mouthes: Therefore farewel persecution for ~~conscience~~, farewell Ordinance for Tythes, farewell Ecclesiastical Supremacy, farewell Pontifical Revenue, farewell Assembly of Divines, dissembled at Westminster, you shall constute together no more, farewel Sir Simon Symon, and his sonne Presbier Jack.

Gens antiqua ruvit, multas dominata per annos,

And therefore O England,

Interpone suis interdum gaudia curu.

HIS EPITAPH. *Obiit 1643.*

Here lies Jack Presbiter, void of all pity,
Who ruin'd the Countrey, and fool'd the City.
He cur'd preaching so prating, and telling of lies,
Cair'd jarres and dissensions in all Families.
He invented new Oathes, Rebellion to raise,
Deceiving the Commons, whilst on them he preyes.
He made a New Creed, despis'd the Old,
King, State, and Religion by him boughs and sold.
He fawre yeares consulst, and yet could not tell
The Parliament the way Christ went into Hell.
Resolv'd to err, he never could be,
Therefore in great haste, he's gone thither to see.

FINIS.

